

G.R.N.
PODCASTS
MUSINGS

2024
PART B

Greg R. Norton

WHEN I WISH TO START A NEW set of
writings, *and peer within my future, (into
my future self image reflection,)* I can

situate myself in front of my word
processor screen, and await subtlest
guidance. I enjoyed building the previous
book, and these memories are strong. I
guess, it's the communion, myself with my
trusted familiar, which keeps me returning
to the 'art of writing.' But, it's quite
impressive, to see how quickly the driven
snow fall piles up against our door... of
course, it's a brutal winter this year,
already... *and, many in our land will
succumb to the frigid temperatures, and
wind.* We here don't actually have snow
falling right now, but I can see within my
mind's eye, and the inner dream catcher,

that many places indeed do. This just goes to show, how the past, present, and future are all one ever changing flux, of appearances, and likenesses, pointing to certain definite probabilities... *such as the likelihood of the depths of frigid iciness, any given winter day, or night.* I'm thinking and writing these thoughts, now, and looking towards the new year. There will be dreams developed in any given year... *these dreams are usually monetized, and generate enormous profit, at the cineplex theater.* These stories and yarns don't just stay within the theater, and arena, they filter out, and many will reach into our

living rooms through commercialized media channels... *such as our broadcast television, and radio.* These productions are parsed up into ten and fifteen minute segments, with revenue generating commercial advertisements in between.

This is how the broadcast networks operate... they generate revenue commercially... *profiting from the audience of viewers who wish to see some representation of the 'dreams which have been seen,' by the poet dreamers, and the media designers, of our planet Earth.* As I am writing these words, presently, I remember to be careful to, *'beware of*

darkness...' to envision around themes of light, *and to stay within the light*. Maybe, this is somewhat the panacea, for our modern world, which can't help but to live in fear, of a darkly dramatic narrative, which threatens to come true... *the specters of planetary climate change, and over population, among our worst aversions*. At any rate, these are a few thoughts, this late December afternoon, this year. I sit inside upon this bed, and inputting these thoughts presently. Toward the end of the previous book, I somewhat stumbled upon my childhood self... I was not expecting to find a fellow such as that, and have since put

this memory in my place of safe keeping.

In life journalism, and in peering within one's past memories, *you never know quite what, or who you'll find.* So, I'm grateful

to meet and remember this somewhat forgotten young man. *Good work, Greg!* I tell myself, as this has been a 'beneficial retrieval.' (Such could, I think, easily be seen as the 'main goal,' of inward voyaging, in general. *To come away with a positive recollection is quite a victory, I would*

think.) At any rate, my day is getting along, and I am beginning to look forward to our supper. The evening has descended, over the surroundings, and all within begin

thinking about the night. This is Christmas Eve, this year, and everyone is quiet, and thoughtful, as each is inwardly dwelling among the reflections of times past... *each is different*. I sit and mull, and can't come up with any better way to be, than this one presently. My heart is so full, and with the novelty of new creation, *the latest piano album's warmth, and newness has my happiness 'right in the zone.'* If you could spin a yarn, more appealing, and inviting, I would like to hear it. Well, moving along, I'm setting my alarm for five tomorrow morning, and somewhat looking forward to the quiet, quality time to spend alone.

Spiritual, cognitive development didn't really begin, in my life, until I got clean, and sober, *and resolved to await a better understanding.* This alone couldn't save me, however, though, as my pains became magnified, through a spiritual lens, then, and I self medicated, and isolated in my excesses and my mental illnesses. *Still, today, if I'll slow down and await the 'better understanding,' of the patient and awakened mind, I'll begin to see much better.* I listen to my podcasts archive, and some of the programs are from the past, and others are more current. But they all play back in the leading edge of the

moment... objectively in 'the now.' But, I tend to look for the most contemporary audio and video creations... and being with that. *'The truth can't be talked about... only experienced.'* Doesn't this seem to be a definitive truth? But I borrowed it from an interview that happened twenty five years ago... which I just heard... just an antique audio recording. But it's relevance is so self evident... *so the past can be highly obedient to the present.* I was thinking about the many ways to see, and envision which are interspersed throughout our culture. Glimpsing, how, *'All of time is one ceaseless, changing whole,'* a flux of

appearances and likeliness's... I can see how this saying really isn't necessarily true or false, until a benevolent over soul, or perspective within, somewhat visualizes it into motion... at which point it becomes objectively real... *a fact which must be dealt with, or seen past.* Certain peoples will be already conscious and aware of the presences of these kinds of experiences... how subjective factors can yet be very real... living as a thinking, feeling, dreaming and emotional mind, in a real universe, with esoteric, and exoteric natures... *no boundaries.* At any rate, our imaginations can be very vivid... our

perception dictates our belief... *seeing the presence of the silver realm, at the surface of the 'real world construct,' this should show you how perceptions are, or can be everything.* Well, just some thoughts, this rainy Christmas morning. I hope, this year, that we all can continue to get along, and that the blessings of our liberties can serve the common good, and make sense, at the end of the arduous day. If you can find, this beginning part of my second audio book, this year, maybe you'll come to see, how there isn't much any better, than the simple gifts of the written word, and audio books... *especially this second gift is of*

some great inestimable value... may it
serve you well. All for now. I'll wrap this
writing up, and add it in with the others.

Have a great New Year. Greg.

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Getting back to some thoughts about and
around this recent time period, it looks like
we've seen dark times before, and we know
we probably will again, *so there's nothing
to do but push on through it. Don't let it
spoil your day.* This is, if anything, a

twenty first century time. I think that a lot of what worries me, emanates from the alcohol and drug habituation crowd. *These are poor lost souls, many of them, who inhabit a subsistence poverty material world, and many may be somewhat 'under the radar.'* People in this sort of reality have got to know how to stay out of trouble, and many do. I was this way, and there are many on similar paths. I got in trouble for stealing, a few times... *but a serious suicide attempt was the main thing that stopped me.* I think that the lesson should be, if you break the rules, you may excuse yourself in your mind, temporarily,

but your actions will always catch up with you, eventually. If someone is out there stealing, to 'medicate' his or her pain, then *'If the law doesn't get you, you'll eventually make an attempt to end your own life.'* But you won't even believe these words, if you read them. Only a few will escape the enigmatic traps of the streets... substance abuse, and alcoholism... *lawbreakers get caught, or stop themselves with a serious attempt to end their own life.* But, substance addiction and abuse lives hand in hand with the *'authentic spiritual search.'* Strong spiritual ideals, and values seem to be the keys to navigating the labyrinths of

addiction. Having grown up under parents who practiced 'artistic role modeling' is another key... as is the person having some successful work history. *At least, I suppose those went a long way, in my own salvation.* Well, it's a cloudy, and cool Tuesday, the last one in twenty twenty three. We're expecting this mild weather to continue, until the temperature drops Thursday, and more seasonal weather returns, bringing chances for snow, and rain, for Friday. But, there are so many sunny avenues, in my own catalog, which look and feel like paradise, *that I can only think, about myself, as 'Having just really*

put the work in,' for so many years now.

All of this work was given and supported through my decent wits, and good eye, and ear ... it only comes through, if given in the fullness of grace. At any rate, I've got many proofs of the Lord's presence... I hope they serve you well. *It's easier if you know the cynicism of the time, only don't forget to nurture and nourish the light, and to take care of the tender sprig.* I really hope people haven't 'seen too much' already. *(If someone sees you as an evil dictator, for instance.)* But keep trying anyway, because there's always hope, in youth, for instance. Who else will have the

ability, to reach those difficult places?

And, I believe everyone should look within, and follow the subtlest nuance, onto the written page. I believe, that the lifeblood and substance of history is always filed away in the basement of the museum.

And, when the light first turned back upon itself, did it like what it saw? Only twenty

years later, after it had grown teeth and hair, and when it had found itself in a position to give back, how then did things go for light? *Guess, he wasn't elusive for nothing.* I'm resting here on this bed, and getting down these thoughts, as they have

occurred to me. Well, we had a great

supper, with plenty time after to think, or write, or whatever. I've found, that I'll hear a simple acoustic ballad for the first time, and take it apart, bit from bit. *I'll hear the same recording a year or two later, and it's beauty completely captivates me.*

Perception is everything, I tell myself. I only pray that I'll remember this lesson, the next time I find myself insulted by someone's playful attempts at humor. *I thank you, whoever you are, for the precious liberties I have!* Liberties to equivocate... one word over another... For liberty from worry over air raid sirens, and highway robbery, also. Have you seen the

prosody, lately? *You know, the one you'll have to write down, only to regret? I know, that if anyone gets on my nerves, here, it's definitely going to be my own self.* (To such an extent, that I'll want to make myself scarce.) Concepts in writing. A blessing is a blessing if it comes from the fullness of grace. *If not, it might will have been 'the efforts of weaklings.'* I hope to find balance... a centaur is a hybrid... an partnering or agreement might depend on the elements cooperating... an scout camping trip might get canceled if it snow storms... *but the army has to train in all weather. You don't cancel military drills*

because of inclement weather. At any rate. You might wonder what is in my mind... or you might take these words for granted... face value. *This might hinge on what kind of day you're having.* Norms of social behavior aren't exactly the same to you, *when your life is geared around the communion, mortal with incorporeal.* To some, this is the crux of maturity. To some others such merely symbolizes psychosis... schizophrenia. *This, too, might depend greatly on what kind of day you're having.*

If I have time, I can refine a crude beginning into something eloquent. That might make someone's day, into a happy

ending. I would say that's probably not too bad. Well I'll wrap this writing up and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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As I sit, and peer into this word processor screen this morning, I'm impressed with the downward, resistive force which seems to be bearing inwardly upon my mind.

Nevertheless, it is very good to have a rental relationship with a solvent group home... and to have my disability insurance

income, so that my bills are paid. I think that this present writing will be the third article so far in this new book. So I'm thinking of possible directions to take it into. I guess that my mind can see into this morning, and the afternoon is beginning to come into view, as well. If I've wondered how I'll meet the challenges of this New Year, *there's indeed a trusted spiritual relationship which goes along with me... I don't have to do it alone, for there's a guide and companion right beside me.* The problems, and pressures of my life, are easier to face, when the calming reassurances have such a way, of making

the tossing, churning waves to be quiet and tranquil... *the storminess fades away into peace.* I'm truly looking forward, unto a definite time to solve upon my problems, *and to somewhat have the strength to do what I have to do.* The more conscious I've become, of my own weaknesses, and strengths, the less that the troubles of others can cross into my life, or burden my mind into distress. Nikola Tesla once said, *'Being a mediumistic writer is like, going to sleep with a notebook by my side, and waking up with a completed article, the work all done.'* I've found so much abundance from within the inner do odd,

that my spirit relationship really has a 'life of it's own,' secondary to my own time. At

any rate, I sit down, with this smart device's word processor open on my lap and get a few thoughts together. Today is

Wednesday. Outdoors our weather is cloudy, and temperatures are expected to get chilly, with Friday rain and snow precipitation combined. But it's not expected to accumulate. The more I sit and dwell on some thoughts, the more difficult they appear to become. *But, when*

I can just let my mind unfurl, onto the written page... I can really take the reins, and the cart into new directions. But, it's

really true, that unless my inner spirit is ready to progress, into new directions, getting water from a stone is impossible.

In my life, so much moves along therapeutically, that I sometimes forget, it's the inner spirit which provides this motive force. *So, it sometimes is a matter of acknowledging this inner power, of how I can't do it on my own, that this spirit can operate.* At any rate, a personal victory comes sometime, and my moods and depression will lift, and I'm back feeling better. On this matter of someone having 'seen too much,' I think, that this type of thing sometimes 'spoils the outcome,'

because the person then is given to having a certain reaction, for instance, which might not would have taken place otherwise. Because that person's reaction was influenced by his or her having 'seen too much.'. At any rate, you can see my thoughts, on this. I've never really known, with certainty, if any one way of thinking is better over another... *but I tend to subscribe to the Theosophical way of looking at religious beliefs.* In other words, I'll usually have an interfaith modus operandi, from an American perspective. And, I was raised in a Christian home, and read a lot, into my 'Bible studies,' as a child

growing up. *But, this alone, couldn't prepare my mind, for the spiritualist context, which I was somewhat plunged into, as I was indoctrinated into spirit consciousness as a twenty three year old man.* I truly had to become something of a 'student of life,' and to gradually learn the mysteries of spiritualism. And, for myself, this involved familiarizing myself with the Eastern mysticism, with such works as the I Ching and the Tao Teh Ching... *both of these as stops along the way, to a more healthier Theosophist outlook, which really integrates these into a Western context.* So, anyways, for this third article, in this

new book, I've started, I'm covering, for instance, some of these basic concepts, *but in the knowledge that there isn't any one way, or set path which is correct over all others.* I've done some soul searching this

afternoon, in trying to sketch out the structure of this article. I think, that the most that my mind can think of, is only of merit, when I am living in a free and democratic country, where my rights are guaranteed, and where I don't have to worry about these liberties being oppressed, or about my nation's sovereign borders being threatened. So, I think that I tend to take a lot for granted... *my relations*

who have served in my country's military, most especially deserving credit. At any rate, I move this article along. I've been very fortunate, to have gotten so much excellent video production work done, over the recent ten or twelve years. *I've somewhat made my way, and am glad to give back.* Well, this article has been composed with an incremental method, and I'm gradually bringing it to it's conclusion. As I watch the clips randomly shuffling in my video jukebox, I'm impressed with some of my discoveries, and feel like I've got a unique window into this worlds culture. I really like my own

establishment, my own videos, and I enjoy seeing them compared with the others... and experiencing this unison. It just goes to show you, how this time period in my life... *these gifts and blessings in particular... are completely adequate for finding and doing good work like this.* And for continuing. At any rate, I'll finish this article and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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As one goes to sit before his or her word processor, or notebook, he looks within his inner resources, and starts to write the language symbols which appear to arise at his speech center. *It might be easier to put words together, or more difficult... this depends partly on the spirits' willingness, or reluctance to write.* I think, for a minute, and the idea which is just clear, above the others, is my gratitude, and enthuse, when I consider my higher power... *it seems to be the most constant thing in my life...* it doesn't matter about most things... as long as my trusted familiar is close, and I'm not having to deal

with the troubles of having to rely on others to facilitate certain things in my life... *it's power is such that most any simple artistic or literary goal can be accomplished.* For someone who lived nearly a full decade, in a state of spiritual anguish, and was more or less outside of the access unto the 'waters of life,' or even the most rudimentary artistic victory, (except for when I was drunk, or on some smelly pill,) *having this almost constant companion is tantamount to paradise.* But, at any rate, looking within, this morning, is, after all is said and done, just about the sweetest thing, I've ever done. *Because of*

the good results, this usually gets. I'd say that nine times out of ten, I find myself greatly benefited. On the one hand, this isn't rocket science... but on the other, it's hard to find good literature, that is this richly inspired... or that says so much in such little space. *So, I'm very blessed, and I know it.* At any rate, today is the last Thursday in twenty twenty three, and I have just gotten my weekly store trip in, and gotten back. I'm listening to this genius at the piano, on my new walkman cee dee player. I live for hours like these... listening to music I love, and drinking right off of the top of my writer's mind, just

letting spirit lead, and being very happy with the results. I couldn't be in any higher heaven... it would just be different.

Heaven, or bliss, is really an irreplaceable effect, in my life. *I've written before about what I learned, years ago... how the 'clear light of bliss,' puts just everything else into perspective, and makes all of the trouble seem worth it.* In the clear light of bliss, any enigma, any conundrum becomes seen right, and put in its place. No exceptions... there is really no life troubles which aren't serviceable by this 'clear light of bliss.'

This is what the writer I mentioned had said... *just, no difficulty can continue,*

when seen in this 'Clear light.' That's not to say that you should want to get away with sin, or intentionally break the law. *Just the opposite. This 'clear light,' is, I think what is meant by Bhrama, the one ground, and central state, which all others are measured by.* It can only improve upon, and perfect the self. Well, it's true, that I haven't written like this much since two thousand and six, or so. *So, it's good to have this back again.* I can tell, that the work I've been given, for a while, has been just enormous, and, it's good to somewhat be coming through it. *I'm glad, and relieved to see this familiar 'port of rest,'*

and am just impressed at the sanity, and stability, of this 'Bhrama,' or goal. At any rate, I've been blessed, today, and I can't help, but tell of it. (Of course, my spirit's usage of the term Bhrama might suggest that there is an occult, or mysterious element involved, in the overall results. Certain things, such as natural disasters, and other acts of God, will be 'no respecter of persons.')

If there were an easy and effective way, to lighten our burden, to lessen the darkness, and chaos in our lives, someone would quickly think of it. I can think of a few inventions, which really 'opened the doors,' Among these the

incandescent light bulb, and the internal combustion engine. Radio, and television are two more. Powered air flight is another. Then, there's penicillin. You, of course know of the integrated circuit, and light emitting diodes. Inventors have done a whole lot to improve our lives, and to earn their fortunes. *Breakthrough upon breakthrough.* Well, this writing, too, has been a complete breakthrough, for myself. *My chapter is a little farther along.* I'll get ready for a bite to eat, in the kitchen, and be back in a few minutes. I've definitely had my hopes answered, and met, this twenty twenty three... as I've found some

contemporary jazz piano innovators this year, who meet my definitions of virtuoso.

So, my ears, my intellect, have been appeased. *This type of music, which satisfies the mind, as well as the eye, and the ear is somewhat hard to come by.* Well, at any rate, I'm generally going to have to stop this 'vain repetition,' and just enjoy some good music.

Anyways, all for now, Greg.

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Sitting here in front of my smart device's word processor, I'm going to try and get some ideas into it's memory, and walk myself through the occasional emotions I sometimes feel. *It's pretty easy to take your emotions to the piano, and to somewhat change their state... from lemons into lemonade.* And, writing can work the same way. Just remember to avoid the pitfalls of writing, in general... you know, venting, or unloading onto the page will always get you into trouble. At any rate, the Buddhists place emotions in the same category as lower phenomena. Emotions tend to produce thought, and therefore can

create bad feelings, such as migraines, *and can lead to bad beliefs, in general, such as a victim attitude, or the belief that troubles are coming your way.* There's a six stage progression, which the reader should know of... iterating the way that trouble progresses, *from strong emotions, to bad thought, to bad feelings.* That's the first three, and they get worse... from there you see *bad beliefs, bad attitudes, and lastly, bad behavior... which is the worst phenomena, and can drastically affect your life.* So, and knowing about this six stage progression, is important, and can help you in your thinking, to recognize signs. This

is my main philosophy on emotions, *and how they're at the very beginning of everything else that's bad.* Today is the last

Saturday in twenty twenty three...

tomorrow's New Year's Eve. So, we're at the very end of the old year. We were expecting wintry precipitation, but it doesn't look like it materialized. The temperature is not cold... cool is more like

it. At any rate, living this morning, is really a matter of finding a little stable

footing, *and just being there, and*

weathering the buffeting wends. I

sometimes have to live with some migraine symptoms, while I wait, for instance, for a

tangle to clear. For instance, if someone is trying to get from point A to point B, then this just requires time and patience. *And you might not ever know, that this was happening.* Sitting and writing is a pretty low stress type of activity... but, I can imagine how, if your thinking is bad, for instance, you might mistakenly get in the line for trouble, *when all you really wanted was peace and happiness.* At any rate, you see a few examples of types of migraines, and how we sometimes have *to mentally 'allow them to pass,' and to not get affected by their confusion, or distortion.* Well, just some thoughts. I've noticed, how in

modern media, sometimes I have to deal with trust, and belief issues. *There's this problem with artificially generated text, for instance...* audio, and video, and of course still images, we've known for a while, are sometimes, or can be, generated artificially. So, such as this can be seen as contributing to a 'crisis of trust,' or of belief. While I'm doing this, there's a television running in the room, playing old classic cartoons. *The way the schizophrenic mind works, is paranoid delusional...* I tend to doubt that media is 'real.' Instead I see it as a fa sod, meant only to 'cause me pain.' So, you can see how, many people will be looking at

vintage media, but some are questioning it's 'veracity,' or authenticity... *instead they're looking for ideas that support a paranoid schizophrenic world view.* At any rate. *I think that this reflects, at the heart, a distrust of live broadcast media, of any kind.* (Until a program wins your heart, and you then 'suspend your disbelief,' if only for a few minutes.) Commercial, broadcast media can be highly entertaining and engrossing... It's just knowing how to approach it... *how to access it.* Knowing how to set aside the glammers of commerciality. Well, just some thoughts. I sit inputting these thoughts and mulling

over possible directions to take them into.

I'm looking forward to a bite to eat and some coffee, at the top of this new hour.

This writing is coming along so well and making sense, *that I'm liking to give our part of the world a 'clean bill of health.'*

My worries are only neurotic. Well, you can see my thinking, because it's written

out like this. *I think that it's true, how most of my readers or listeners simply fall asleep in the middle of my program.* But

some will be edified... *and this is who I'm*

speaking to. It sure is good to have this input device, and to, hopefully be able to share my work two or three times a month,

using a public internet connection. At any rate, this is our strategy, and it works for me. Well, just some thoughts. *I can remember back to a time in my life, when I struggled to hear, and to see... but I lacked the faculties to get past the mundane fa*
sod. I simply wasn't allowed into the conversation. So, I made do by overdoing everything... *I was a rude excuse for a poet... I had everything except conscious waking awareness of the higher plaine... but I was a very convincing imitation... an illusion.* Well, the work started mine yoot, and effectively, *from a host of micro presences, began creating a set of*

relationships. This program, or process, gradually flowed, and flowered out and up, into my present. Around nineteen ninety nine, my life made a big shift into an industrial production economy, where positive values are assigned only as equity is generated. *So I entered into my newfound mature life.* The lessons I can see, from here, of my life and time, *include entirely deee emphasizing artificial, chemical paths unto spirit consciousness...* except for psychotropics, which can therapeutically help correct chemical deficiencies, and imbalances in the neuro transmitters, for instance, in the brain and nervous system.

At least how it was in my life, *I had to entirely lay down my crutches... my narcotics and hallucinogens, and be prepared to approach the therapeutic ground, or baseline, on a daily basis, indefinitely.* So many people who tend to 'hug the shadows,' will be those with the hereditary alcoholism, and substance abuse history. And these are sometimes hard to reach. Well, just some thoughts. *Keeping your sobriety is hard in real life.* Devilish addictions and crutches, for the recovered person, *are more insidious than weeds in a garden. Does malaria like mosquitos?* At any rate, there's the problem, right there...

there are a lot of itches that need scratching. Well, to conclude, this is how my life is today, *and keeping my sobriety, if I wasn't in a therapeutic group home environment, would be very, very hard. But I am in a therapeutic environment... and intend to stay for a while.* Well, all for now, I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

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Starting with a few thoughts into this smart device's word processor software, I can tell, that I'm somewhat grouchy this morning, and it's hard getting out of bed. Harder than I ever remember. But, with this accomplished, my morning progresses decently. I'm so relieved to have a satisfactory study corner, and to feel able and capable to meet the challenges of the day. Having an article of writing to work on is like a narrows, of a sort. *There's nothing to do but put one foot in front of the other, until the work is done.* I'm trying to tell myself, *'it's money in the bank,'* and so I want to *'seize the day.'* But I feel like

going back to bed. We do what we're given to do. We can't do much else. It requires a kind of fortitude and self determined intention to receive an article or an essay... of course, that means an unwavering focus, and aware attentiveness, unto what one is doing. *Nothing else will do.* When I'm satisfied that I've gotten a good start on the story, then I'll lay down, for a while, and get some rest. There's such a healthy voice, trying to express outwardly, but part of my over soul seems to be a bit grouchy... I think that my gripe, goes something like, *'How could you have played your piano in such an ideosyncratic manner, when you*

first got into publishing in the year two thousand?' From the looks of it, I myself am completely happy with that early recording work... especially back in those days, that specific sound was exactly what I wanted to hear, and sounded 'sweeter than wine,' to myself... I wouldn't do any of that any different. It sure was an important sound, at the time. But, the years have passed, and the time has changed. It's certainly no surprise... that's what the passage of time does... it's a constantly changing scene, an never ending story, which might be completely different just from day to day. It's no wonder, how

after twenty three or four years your feelings and thoughts about a style have changed... that's what life does best. But, at any rate, it's a great relief to be passed those old days, and times, *and to have met the challenges of each new day... this one included.* For the independent publisher, life is a game of adaptation. It's like the story of a young man, who feels good, today, and thinks he can do it all on his own. He gets shown something completely different, though, because *people need human contact, and want to gradually enter into the blessings of society.* When I was twenty eight, it was as if I had been

raised by wolves. *All my mind knew was the wisdom of the pack, and my mind had a solitary set of rules. (Just take some pill or potion to get through the rough patch.)*

Times changed, though, and I had to learn a more 'Godly wisdom,' and to be socialized in a Godly setting, and for Godly purposes. So, you see, after my last suicide attempt in two thousand and three, *I knew in my heart*

that I had to get closer with a caring family of friends, or some what fall off of the surface of the planet. At any rate, mornings like this one, with such a grouchy over soul, can be very, very frustrating.

But, inner phenomena might reflect real

world difficulties, transpiring in a synchronous, contemporary sense. *Unrelated, unconnected unfoldings might be experienced somewhat inwardly as a clash of values, and beliefs.* This process is painful, when it shows up, and sometimes it's seems as if the brutish oh vert powers are going to win the struggle. But, the inner spirit always emerges victorious. *And, life is like this... the inner spirit has to endure and out last the oppressive, oh vert forces of dominion. She always endures.* And the laws of our society, with concrete penalties, and deterrents against law breakers, are at the heart of keeping the

domestic peace, and tranquility. *When an artist invokes the vertical dimensionality, he's making his work one with a self evident yogic fullness, and the oversight of conscience... the constant inner and outer vigilance of an well informed, competent and capable conscience.* If conscience is anything to be sought after, then this vertical dimension ality is the way... *but only until it becomes, or represents an oh vert dominion... like the state police used to be in the Soviet Union.* But, it seems to me, that the 'vertical dimension ality,' tends to invoke healthy conscience, *while appearing to out mode anything which is*

oh vert, or brutish. So, I've had to use my intuition, and common sense, in feeling my way through various writings like this one.

Additionally, the vertical dimension is accessed by anyone who proposes their character, for instance, or their product, or service, over all others... all artists partake of this vertical dimension ality, when they put an image, or representation, or portrayal upon a pedestal... when they propose that their plan, or scheme, or design is 'above,' or superior to all others. I think, that this is one of the crucks of our society... retail products, or specialists, or services are inherently competitive, and

each proposes his or her own as the best, most economical, and feature filled product or service on the market. This is the capitalist way, and we're all accustomed to it. In fact, the vertical dimension ality itself might represent the competitive market landscape, in much the same way as a mascot represents or symbolizes a foot ball team. What do you think? Well, these have been a few thoughts, this morning. I'll send this writing along your way now.

All for now, Greg.

In conclusion to this part one, of my book B, starting this year's writing, I can easily use my mind, and my gift for words, to annotate this time period... It's highs and lows... and to set forth some thoughts which have come to the fore, recently. It's so true that the seasonal times are stressful. Especially in the light of some of the recent events. *People certainly have seen different things in the cards, over the last twenty five years.* My personal favorite remark, is how *'War is inherently outmoded by the contemporary information society culture.'* As a pacifist myself, I

only wish that this were so. I've written numerous times about how our world is, to me, emerging from the darkneses of an earlier epoch, and in this modern time, has to get in step with the new reign of truth, and of logic, and of light. Still others see the image of a nation, which endured oppression, for ages, and then suffered a bad set back, *and was uniquely pre disposed to having a vengeful, wrathful disposition, when at last the freedom was regained.* Still, I think, that it's hard to miss seeing the fact, that the vast majority of places on our planet are in fact peaceful, and crime free. Only one person in one

hundred thousand is the victim of a violent crime. But, many people have been touched, by traumatizing events, which simply came too close, and those people often carry memories, or emotional scars, of having 'seen too much.' *I myself am like this, and this, in some important ways, is the main reason and explanation for my pacifist views, and for my somewhat rigid stances on certain topics.* There's nothing like life in a free country... *we're each allowed to have and share our own opinions and views with out fear of government or police harassment.* While most things don't much matter to me, still

others will prove to be sources of friction. I can usually spot issues somewhat before they become problematic. At any rate, you might be familiar with some of these things. I hope you can see in myself someone with forbearance... *I believe that our measure might be by how tolerant we can be in the face of evil.* What do you think? Anyways, these are just some thoughts. *I think that the most common emotions which most people experience are of resentment, and of frustration, and the anger which comes about, as these are experienced frequently.* When I feel strong emotions, like these, I usually get my

musical instrument out, and make some recordings. *This is by far the best way.*

Another good way to deal with emotional intensity, is to get my sketchbook out, and

find a strong new design, or make a portrait. Still a third way to deal with this is by getting my word processor, or pen and

notebook out, and working through the ideas externally, on paper. *By moving the*

trouble along, in words... learning what you can, and finding any understanding

which you are able to, you can move the

matter behind you. This can be very

helpful... especially, when you don't know exactly what is the matter, and your written

words will kind of explain unto yourself something which you might have missed.

At any rate, these are some thoughts. I have awoken early this morning, and sit in bed with this blue tooth keyboard on my lap, writing into this smart device's word processor software. *Today is New Year's Day. In the recent years, I've found that my time perception appears to slow, around New Year's, and it can be hard to advance into the new, without getting somewhat neurotic.* I usually write a good bit into the new year, before it is even here. But, this lets me get any year end thoughts on paper, and, in an ancillary sense, somewhat as

after thoughts, make them a part of the New Year's writing to come. *At any rate, this keeps my mind pretty busy around this time of year.* Well, I'll move this writing along. I guess that, all things considered, it's good to somewhat get an early start on the new year... *this lets me feel like I'm ahead of the game, and as if I'm getting off to an early start.* At any rate, these have been a few ideas, onto these pages, and I've gotten some closing thoughts down on paper, and gotten an early start this morning. I'll wrap these thoughts up, and add them in with the others. All for now,
Greg.

~

IN STARTING THIS PART TWO OF
THIS book 'B,' this new years day, this
year, *I am reflecting on the power of story
telling.* In particular, I, myself am partial
to the audio book style of storytelling.
Some short audiobooks are so engrossing
that they're like ice caverns, and the mind
grows hushed and attentive, therein. I have
heard it said that time and space are human
constructs, and the only real thing is the

now. *Some writers can diss mantle the typical hierarchy of being, and completely transcend time.* Once you hear a story that doesn't work based on usual constraints of space time, you'll have a breakthrough. Well anyway. Every one knows a story like this, from somewhere in their past reading. I wonder, once you are deeply affected by a particular storytelling, *your life is, practically, then given a whole new purpose and direction.* I know, that this type of shift reached into my life and worked on my childhood self, on numerous occasions. These storytellers were I think writers whose books held a lot of powers,

mainly the powers of vivid imagination.

Various of my writings are also pretty captivating, and I think I partly have these literary greats to thank for it. I've often seen the comparison... *a writer's community is like a farm collective.* If you think about it, a writer's life is also like a university course, and intellectual latencies, and potentialities from far and wide study, and learn, in real time, the craft of writing, through his life. *The writer's best pupils eventually become the logical heirs to his or her powers.* Well, my mind is somewhat getting too chaotic, and I'll have to take a five minute break. So I'll go

get some water, and be right back.

Anyway, this afternoon I heard this short story audiobook... *this writing here presently was inspired by the style of this storyteller... which completely impressed me, and stirred these ideas into life.* But thinking back, there were several other writers I've read in my life whose work also got me going. There were even some comedians I met through my television viewing, which changed my life enormously. There was also a great film composer, and a rock band leader... my point is, that I'm partly a development of some of these earlier greats, who

themselves were cultivated and developed
as heirs to other giants. *So isn't this a
sequence of becoming... a lineage?* At any
rate, I was deeply impressed by so many
good influences... only later, after I had
secured my own published voice, was I to
emulate that class and high style in my own
work... *I think this... these influences...
shape all I do, today.* These are like, the
photographer's filters... *to get a particular
effect, he puts the image through a filter.* I
didn't read enough. I'm just glad I read as
much as I did. See? I've made do fairly
well. I think, that I see music videos, and
short film clips, now and then, which also

make an impression on me. *These*
sometimes get into such rare stratas that I
can hardly verbalize. A literary work's
journey, from conception to completion,
and out into the world, might span decades,
even centuries... as the earliest figments
and stirrings of classic works slowly
gestate in the collective minds, and hearts
of a culture... and the finished work, each
in it's turn, struggles to detach its self from
the mother fabric, and out into the world...
from a short narrow time, in the crucible of
becoming, *unto full freedom, and past the*
bounds of any one Earth, unto the view
field encompassing all Earth like worlds...

throughout all of the Universes that may ever be. Isn't this which I've offered an acknowledgment and admission unto the literary developers, of all per sway shun, and ethnic origin, which have ever reached through the extreme chaos of mundane existence, and passed the reader's 'personal criteria,' *and taken their place upon his or her own home book shelves?* These developers are who I point unto. I'm myself given the task of laying out the structure of this new book... *(especially seen as an audiobook chapter.)* You see, the pertinent audio spectrum itself structures the audiobook. *(Such presence*

holds the chisel to the turning wood in the lathe... effectively completing the work autonomously.) Anyway, **she works through imagery.** Well, my words are running dry, so I'll try and conclude these thoughts. I hope my every reader has a safe and happy new year ahead, and many more to come. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

To try and start some writing, this Wednesday morning, I put away other

concerns, and rest my hands on my blue tooth keyboard, while I'm looking into the word processor software, on this smart device. I've found such blessing today, that my mind is just telling me to receive it, and be glad for it. But part of myself says, *'I'm not worthy.'* At any rate, I sometimes have a time with seeing past the misfortunes of others, and there was a serious earthquake last night, which is really playing havoc with my self esteem, this morning. *The thing that's hard for me to get, is how, the same thing could happen here, as this place here is near the New Ma Drid fault line.* I don't think that I would ever be

prepared for how an event like that could be... *and with my self criticism as scathing as it is this morning, I'm dealing with the sense that this is a realistic fear.* At any rate, I've seen dark times before, such as when my town was hit by the twister outbreak of twenty eleven, and some things make me wonder... you see, there's no reason that I should feel this crazy grief, seeing how the only quake we know of was on the opposite side of the planet... there's a statistically very small chance of such showing up here. But, I'd go so far as to say, I've never been this flummoxed before, by something so far away. However, I

think I know the way to get past this
neurosis... so with this behind me, now, I'm
just going to spend some time with my new
data disc player... *and try not to worry
about anything which I've no control over.*

If you think about it, you can tell, how
yesterday's writing was just really trying to
get past the pre sentience which my
subconscious was dealing with at the
time... and I imagined a place free from
concerns with space and time... *and I came
across a short story, that afternoon, which
seemed in touch with this kind of freedom...
this free state of mind, that is so
desperately needed, when there's an*

earthquake, or other natural disaster... so, but I didn't see the signs, consciously. At any rate, our subconscious minds always have things they would tell to us, if they had a way... but such is a little past most peoples ability range. We do best to journal, and write some thoughts down every day, and if we try, we can see the signs in hind sight. This is the way I usually am. At any rate, I'm very happy to have a good player for my data discs now.

It seems to work fine, all functions are normal. So, I'm moving along, now, and praying for those poor people, because those leaning and toppled buildings I saw

on last night's news show, I'm sure had people in them. And they were experiencing aftershocks, hours after the quake happened. I can't imagine how that would be. I guess I'll find out if it happens here. At any rate, such is life. Today is a cold, dreary day. We're expecting sunshine to return tomorrow... and with it slightly warmer temperatures. Well, this afternoon is getting along, and it's almost two P M. Right about now, I have to practice my yoga stretching, because I'm getting a headache. So, I envision myself putting my arms up past the sides of my head, and reaching up past... and the lateral

tension dissolves. I'm really grateful, at times like this, to have writing work to do... this is a gift of the spirit in my life... I just try to stay receptive, and remember how my life used to be, in my dark years... *how I had to take a handfull of pills to find peace like this which comes naturally through writing.* I would wish it for anyone. At any rate, just some thoughts. I have found that, if you want someone to restore their faith in you, just sit with the person, for a few minutes. *They'll at least then have a better idea of how you do, and how you won't do.* So, then this might be all it takes to instill faith in someone, and

then you'll be stronger, together. Well, the afternoon is getting along, here. *The coming of evening, even on a cold, dreary day like today, is no match for the warmth and dryness of this interior. Animals have their nests, and burrows... nature takes care of her own.* Well, this writing is winding down, so I'll bring these thoughts to their conclusion, and add them in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting to write a few thoughts, this morning, I'm especially conscious of the warmth in this bedroom, and I inwardly breathe a prayer of gratitude. My roommate's television is playing quietly across the room. My own ears are attuned to a data cee dee going quietly in my laptop player. I've often thought how, compared unto the lost years of my twenties, in the nineteen nineties, most any productive time, even this presently, is so richly enjoyable, that it is definitely as if all of the hard ship, in that decade, *was really worth the trouble*. When you look at all of my performance and production

work, over the last ten years or so, you'll agree, *I've made up for the lost years, and am completely fulfilled.* As the time passes this morning, so transparently, (*and so soberly,*) I feel as if I am the luckiest person alive... *the finished pages build by my side.* There's a special memory, or two, that I have, of going on fishing expeditions with my Dad, a few times, *when we would leave out in the car, when it was dark, before three A M.* This memory returns, as I sit here and write, this morning, and I'm as amazed as I ever have been, at how memories just need a semblance, or a cue, to come back so vividly. *When you think*

about how these latent powers are stored away in the sub conscious mind, you have to come to the conclusion that we, as people, are meant to be writers. Especially when you are able to transcend any discomfort or irritability, and just allow words to unfurl onto the empty page... this effect is irreplaceable, and unforgettable.

At any rate, I'm definitely a believer in our consumer society... our capitalist system... *which can produce and import low priced electronic goods, that do what they are advertised to do, and which are durable, and which provide unlimited usage, and enjoyment.* Our society only needs to

address the inn equities in the system, such as the problems of un even wealth distribution. On the one hand, this isn't really a capitalist concern, but on the other hand, we should come up with some ways to re direct un used wealth back into the poor people's lives. I think, that it can help remedy our fractured minds, and jaded spirits, *if we will voluntarily give back unto the grass roots of our society.* I for one, as a mental health care consumer, have benefited enormously, this year, alone, from monies that have come into my life, around Christmas time. This allowed me to feel like I'm really participating in the

abundance which our American society is known for. *So, with a little luck, and perseverance, and with an eye open to the concerns of the needy, lives can be changed, and improved.* So, I'm including this part of my writing, because I feel gratitude, for what our corporate donors have done this year, especially through the tireless work of our chapter of the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill, which has taken in a lot of financial donations to help those such as myself, *which wouldn't benefit otherwise, especially around Christmas time.* So, these are some thoughts. Most of our poor health

consumers are lacking, in a strong voice, or a venue, such as this one, *where in they can articulate and get positive stories like this one into lasting media... so this is why I'm writing now, to 'tell the good news,' as I've found it to be.* At any rate, these are some

thoughts this frosty early morning in January, this year. As I sit here writing, I'm enjoying the thought that my piano playing is on par, and competitive with some of the other world class talents I've found, and have in my library. At least, my ears are open unto my own talent, if only for one day in a week. Well, as I've been sitting here writing, for a while, this morning, I'm

getting some muscular tensions, and cramps, as I often do... it is such good help, to mentally do yoga stretching, and raise my arms up past the sides of my head, toward heaven. *This has been the most useful exercise, by far, which I've ever come across.* At any rate, this has really been a productive writing session, this morning, and I've improved my writer's course enormously. So, I guess that I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

As I sit here, I'm glad that the day is Friday... It's been a long week. But I've had a good time writing this chapter recently... It's so good to see spirit working through me, and on to the finished project.

With our weekly outing behind us, it's easier to think about the weekend ahead. So I settle in and attune inwardly. The more I think about some things, the worse, then, they appear to become. But moving along into this article, I try and think about how nice it will be to have my finished chapter, later in the week... so, despite the bitterly

cold cross winds, I can conceive of a few possible directions to take this article into.

I myself have been writing this journal since nine teen ninety six, so by this time, I'm pretty prolific. I've met many setbacks

through the years, and they have, in general, been temporary losses... my intentions, throughout have been to work with limited illumination, *and to receive the insights to get me past them only*

gradually. Brainstorming on the problem,

the right answers will eventually begin emerging. At some times, there appears to be a block, to understanding, and progress slows. But, through keeping one's focus

right on the unfolding moment, I'll eventually move past it. When the tossing, churning waves on all sides try to flood my vessel, and the winds are whipping the sails into tatters, I'll have the crucial insight, and come into a sheltering harbor.

At any rate, you can see so much better, when you move past the treacherous narrows, back out into the light and openness of a vaster vista. This process is always recurring, and in similar ways. I'll get my word processor keyboard out, and be taking down thoughts, and the inner spirit will gradually move me along past the strait. Grasping and groping for the

right words will get you only so far...
*before a benevolent spirit will take the
reins and completely revolutionize your
literature... this is always the awaited
result. It's always satisfying when the right
words appear to fall into place, and the
moment moves right along.* Finding just
the right results is usually a matter of
trusting the spirit's inner compass to bring
a victory into place. Well, it's Friday
evening, and we're expecting gradual
cloudiness to increase, through the first of
next week, culminating in storminess
Monday with clearing beginning Tuesday
afternoon. It's pretty good to think about

our weather worries being behind us by then. At any rate, I get along down my page... there's nothing better than hearing this artistic jazz pianist, *and immediately being inspired to new ideas... this is so rewarding.* It's the thrill of unexplored lands, and the primacy of wonders untold. It's so good as the winding paths of the day finish out into a place of rest, and comfort. I get a lot of benefit from the communion, just me and my spirit guides, advancing the leading edge of thought in this fashion, with good contemporary music providing a soundtrack. I'm reminded again and again how great it is to find everything just as it

should be, with everyone filling their unique role, and each task to completion...

this little optical victrola, for instance, performs so well to be so inexpensive...

such offers affirmation of our land's system, that it really works. After a pretty

bad setback, earlier in the week, I somewhat had to learn to live again, to forgive myself, and walk right along past the trouble. But, such is the way of life. I hope you can see from my work a promise, in how the healing path will find good help, when it's needed, *and the keen insights to create lasting commentaries, such as this one.* As I can see it, one usually has to

struggle some, against head wends, before finding more favorable breezes. I've fairly gotten used to this progression, and can see the light, even from within darkness. *As in*

anything, it takes work to build a momentum... once you get to a place of vantage, you'll see all around yourself, and on up ahead. At any rate, these are some ideas. This article started very slow in developing... with results coming intermittently, only gradually increasing.

If you think you'll get 'quick and easy' results when it comes to working your way out of a setback, or loss, then think again... you'll go through a period of false starts,

and miss steps, where no progress is made... before coming into a place of forgiveness, and at one ment. Healing takes time to work it's magic. It might be useful for you to know the ins and outs of my getting 'back on my feet' today... as we cannot see into the future, you'll appreciate how the best we can do sometimes is to try... it's not always good enough for a clear win. Well, these have been some ideas, this rainy Friday evening in January. I hope you will have benefited. All for now, Greg.

~

Sitting here, this cold, drizzly Saturday morning, in early January, this year, I attune inwardly, *and see if there are any thoughts beneath the surface.* Just in resting one's hands upon his or her keyboard, you can glean a lot of information, such as how competent, and capable your hands feel... how large and commanding over the keyboard your hands feel... how connected your thoughts are with the words going onto the word processor screen... *whether your spirit has*

anything to say, right now, or not. Many times, there won't be anything in particular on my mind, but by trying some *thought jazz*, riffing around some imagery... like, say for instance... what it's like to open an encyclopedia to a random page, and go with one of the ideas on that page... *or how it is to imagine a flowing stream, bounding down a hill side, sure of itself, and destined to reach the pond.* Another kind of imagery, is of tossing a deck of cards in the air, and letting them come down as they will, *in haphazard fashion.* I love the way that this *acknowledges the randomness of chaos, of how no particular pattern will*

tend to appear, unless by chance. At any rate, you can see the way this 'thought jazz,' can easily develop literature, from nearly nothing. The thing to remember, is that spiritual familiars, invisibly present, in your life, beneath the surface, of your mind, and vision, will sometimes wish to advance onto the page. You might not be aware of their careful presences, but they are there to be of assist, if you should happen to attune your mind inwardly, and 'await for written guidance...' they can be of assistance. At any rate, I'll be relieved this coming week, when, if the creek doesn't rise, I get to go to my folks home,

where I can get some privacy, and some peace and quiet. *It just goes to show you how, when you aren't expecting it, spirit will speak in a particular manner to a specific concern.* This is part of his or her essential nature... as a being of free will, and independent motive force of movement, which is invisible and just outside of the person's awareness, *a spirit being can surprise with an unexpected reaction, when, for instance, he or she feels he has 'seen too much,' or feels pressed to attest to what he or she has seen.* At any rate, this morning is getting along, and we're inside and warm, and

awaiting our snack break, and the bite to eat and drink this will bring. Having instruments, tools, and media management appliances gives a person plenty of opportunities for, for instance, *'Getting in touch with just what is in my inner heart, this morning,'* or finding out, *'what my higher spirit would say, if given a chance to speak, onto lasting media.'* At any rate. sometimes finding a small victory, like you can do with writing, or playing a musical instrument... *when you combine this advancement with a digital media production appliance, and software, can truly work miracles.* But, I think, that

during the in between hours, on any given morning, or afternoon, the '*forces of darkness,*' the moodiness, and depression, in the lives of artists, who write, or sketch, or play a musical instrument, or any such craft, get over powered, and walk away with victory over good people. The '*alien overlords,*' who our ancestors parner with are specialists in dominion... *and ceaseless, mindless toil is their methodology...* the tread mill, is their means of inflicting this pointless non sense.

All this, when it's plain to see that the fight is the enemy's, not the people's who walk in truth and light. (I dread reading

this kind of 'horn blowing,' just like I do the other lip services which the hypocrisy of our society appears to entail.) But, sometimes, such moralizing comes up, and appears to take center stage. But, the only expressions which will really carry weight, and import, will be those of truth, and innocence, and peace, which for peaceful purposes speak of peaceful ways. I'm serious... and I mean, everything else has to deal with the mindless toil of the treadmill... you're not the only one. And, left to their own devices, people in the world, professional media people, have to deal with the semblances of mindless toil

every day... even while, say, trying to get a Saturday morning nap... *the absurdity of endless toil appears to pile up.* So, to make a long story short, I think, that one of the most relevant discussions currently at play, is this one lamenting the '*modern predicament,*' at the collision of East and West, in the minds of young, and old... who are trying to find balance between this clash of ideologies. *The youth of a time, always become tasked with finding the perfect balance between these polarities, as every family has it's share of inner pathologies...* the marriage institution has never been more challenged, and it's clear,

we don't want to stand by idly *while our youth, down at the station, get in the lines for pain and woe, at our own, and at societies expense.* So, this is the talk, which comes off of the surface, of my mind, presently... *the damage is done, and now some poor kid now has his hands in his pockets, in his jail cell, while his city burns.* This is what is going on. At any rate, I have ventured, to digress upon these matters, because this blame is so often slathered all over the up standing, who do have good things to say, *and who do so in a minimal manner, with little waste.* So, if you're reading these words, I hope you'll

forgive me this hipocracy and just know,
that so often I myself am asked to at one
for our poorer peoples, and on any given
day like today, the grief and woe is just
endless. *'You're not the only one who
feels the toil, for I myself am along with
you on this voyage.'* *'I feel the strain,
too.'* Well, all for now, I'll wrap this article
up, and add it in with the others. Greg.

~

Setbacks are a part of grown up life. *In*

other words, in ordinary life
they cannot be entirely avoided. Of course,
there is no 'ordinary,' independent digital
media developer. I know my path is pretty
ideosyncratic. (Mental illness, and
substance and alcohol abuse issues, both
are hereditary in my particular family.)
Each setback a person experiences, is
unique... and has it's own time of 'false
starts,' and 'miss steps.' *There will be a*
'three day period,' in any given setback,
when all you can accomplish are these
false starts and miss steps. Because,
essentially, your inner spirit might not
really know, at the first, how to solve the

particular enigma. *But with sufficient mistaken beginnings, and blunders, she'll have it solved.* At any rate, I can think of a quote from a friend, which goes like, *'In structural issues, image capture issues, and typographical errors, your spirit will have it solved 'overnight.'*" (That is to say, after some blind wandering, you'll eventually find the ley of the design... this term is usually a 'night of the soul.' I mean, as good as you feel most days, it's hard to imagine having to deal with difficult feelings... until you actually have to do that.) *So, this is the gist of the 'human predicament,' in a general sense. For*

instance, I offer for your consideration
World War One and **World War Two**.

Everything would have descended into darkness, without iron clad leadership. So many innovative advancements, which let the Allies win those wars, had to be arrived upon 'on the fly...', in other words, our mechanical and electrical engineers, aeronautics, and naval engineers, especially, had to not only improvise, but to find the correct technology, which would take mankind into the future, 'on the fly.'

This giant work was an immense effort. Today, we can read an documentary like the *'Story of the fourteenth air force,'* and be

awed at the herculean endeavor. *Whole industries had to be put in place to make that work happen.* Read it yourself. At any rate. We stand, today, in so many ways, on the shoulders of giants. *Every innovation which has been developed, since Christ's time, has been built on innovations which came before it.* Our world of inexpensive technology is all inter connected, *and any one element, wouldn't work with out so many other technologies.* (Your usage of the hair dryer, for instance, depends on the innovation of alternating electrical current.) Let me tell you what I know about alternating electrical current.

Thomas Alva Edison was very very particular in this matter... *alternating current was far too dangerous, and couldn't safely be employed on a large scale to power America.* He was convinced of direct current's advantage... mainly, that it's less deadly, when an mishap happens, like a home owner accidentally touching a lead, and shorting a circuit. He thought that alternating current was not safe to use to power American homes. *The person who knew the way, though, and had the answer, was Nikolas Tesla... his system was what was eventually implemented, large scale... today it's the standard norm.*

That's just an example of what reading and studying *technology history* has taught me.

I definitely think this should be taught in school. There's a quote from the Tao Teh

Ching, which goes, to paraphrase,

'Knowledge of Origins, is Initiation into the Tao.' Of course this is Orientalism, but

I've always believed this can be interpreted

as a need for teaching world history in

general, *and our digital tools and*

amenities are increasingly becoming so

crucial. If we're losing too many young

men to deceits of sinful ways, like alcohol,

tobacco, and narcotics usage, *'How can we*

make iron clad young men?' Teach them

technology history. How does an electric motor work? How about an internal combustion engine? What is a capacitor? What does it do in a circuit? What about a resistor? A diode... what's that? And importantly, who invented it? *Knowing facts like this gives kids stability and grounding.* Trees without good taproots are easily blown over in a storm. *Without strong deterrence against crime, and instilling respect for certain principles, kids land in prison.* At any rate, I'm glad to have basic liberties, and the freedom to think and write like this, *without fear of police or government harassment.*

At any rate, today is Sunday, the last day, of the first week in January, this year. Our weather is cloudy, and rather cold. We're expecting a weather system from the south, to create strong winds, and stormy conditions. especially in the south part of our state, Monday afternoon, and evening.

That's the low down. But, most people won't have much trouble, unless they fail to secure outdoor objects, like lawn furniture.

But, sometimes in wind, trees do fall on houses, or cars. This is about the worst we'll have to deal with, other than a tornado, which, these phenomena can destroy even a brick house. So, how would

we react, in event of a setback, like that?
Would we be tough enough to hold on, and
endure? *If the specter of world war ever
arises again, will we possess the fortitude
to be the strong leadership, and bring
mankind through the narrow straits?* I've
told you some of what I know of... are we
still that enterprising innovative nation?
Well, the signs look pretty good, but there
are still, as there always have been, some
weak young men, with out fortitude. But,
as weak as I am... having to stay in a group
home... mentally, I'm not sophisticated
enough to survive in independent living... *I
still hiked and camped nearly every month*

of every year from about age eight onward until I left my parent's nest around age seventeen. So, if you can get your kids to do this, along with encouraging them to read, and giving them many good books and current magazines, you'll have kids at least as tough as I am. And I survived those teens and twenties. I didn't really have to get into a group home until about age thirty four, as it appeared that since age twenty three, I only wanted to be alone with my thoughts. People need people. Not everybody gets this very well. Some will tend to self isolate. At any rate. Well, these ideas are slowing down. I'll wrap

them up, and place them in with the others.

All for now, Greg.

~

As these ideas are slowing down, now, I've told myself that I just need two short concluding paragraphs... *and my mind brings me back unto the love of brilliant storytelling. The subject matter which a yarn encompasses can make a big difference, as to whether it stays in one's memory or not.* I myself am somewhat

given to believe in, and put faith in the science fiction, and fantasy genres, *partly because of their allowances around the matter of time travel, and the human potential movement.* If you can spare a minute, *I'll relate how one can somewhat resolve a relationship issue in a particular past event, by study and contemplation in the context of the forward looking mind.*

Say for instance, someone, or even yourself, was thrown into his or her afterlife... by the circumstances, and the forces which a younger person shouldn't have had to deal with, but unfortunately did. Now years later, for the survivors,

whomever they may be, suppose the walking has gotten harder... *but, then the person discovers a way to re balance the friendship, in other words, a turning of the wheel.* Then, seeing how the relationship

has been re made, and the trouble reconciled, can you see, how the walking for the both is so much easier? This is a good question. *Isn't this simply a case of someone having gone back, in time, mentally, or spiritually, and having resolved a past life issue?* When we can say, that 'The troubles I've been dealing with for the past seven years, have somewhat been consequential, to what 'you'

did... *maybe what I did, too...* then, maybe, by one's having been rerouted as a younger man, into partly self injurious behavior, believe it or not, *this then may have somewhat unintentionally brought about this re balancing of the friendship, and the harmony, of the relationship.* This was something which I myself lived through, and I can now tell of? *'You've changed your character, and let the past hone and refine your sobriety, and your consciousness, and thereby altered your relationship to a past event!'* It may be true, how the person may have been a weakling at the time, and didn't much know

of his own mind, *but, he took a whole lot on faith, and set in motion the program of footsteps, by which he, in time, learned of his immortal soul. Well, anyway, it's science fiction and fantasy which makes special allowance for this special kind of time travel.* But, doesn't classic literature of all ages often involve topics as diverse as the *'dark night of the soul,' and the slaying of the demonic forces of human failings, and weaknesses?* By connecting with the bed rocks of relationship issues, in such an archetypal manner, *we're serving the good lords of peace and friendship... of justice, and truth... and we're reconnecting*

*with the need, the impulse to self
mothering, and self nurturance.* When a
person really knows how to draw
refreshment from the limitless well spring
of good human potential, *then this is when
whole mountains can be moved, and
nations re formulated.* If you can call
yourself better, at the end of the day, *then
maybe the dreams are all true, and he
words of the wise men have lasting
significance.* So, wasn't your writer just
trying to prove, or diss prove time travel?
And take what benefits he or she may have
found, from this? Well, to conclude this
chapter, it appears that these thoughts are

slowing down, now, and our house is growing quiet, *and sleeping begins, for the nights rest, and the day ahead.* So, to reiterate, *you have re approached a past life issue, and with an eye toward improving your whole character, made concerted effort to remedy the relationship issue.* So, I think that this is all right to recap the overall experience, from a more intelligent contemporary perspective, and to call this a completed part two of this audio book B. Well, I'm quite exhausted, and am looking forward to sleep. All for now, Greg.

~

As a post script, this morning, I'm thinking of how the day's weather is supposed to be blustery, especially late this evening. I'm not sure how the meteorologists know of this, but I bet it has to do with the barometric pressure falling, in our region, and how this itself brings on precipitation... and it's quite predictable. When the barometric pressure falls, it usually means rain. I imagine that we've been in a high pressure system for a while, and the

weather people think, that we will get bad weather when the pressure finally falls. I for one will be glad when this mess passes, and we can get back to our usual business.

Tornados are so bad... those kinds of cyclones pack ferocious winds, and don't always stop for a brick wall... they blow right through it. When you love your stuff, your devices and appliances, and your archival media, and so forth, a tornado tearing it all to bits would be the worst, *because we then wouldn't even have anyone to blame.* I'm thinking also, of how my piano music on this M P three player sounds pretty good this morning, so I for

one am just not too worried about our weather picture. We'll survive, and have plenty good new original piano music to follow in the future. Well, at any rate. It is sometimes terrible, when someone feels that they have been personally injured or detrimentally affected by another nations' problems... because then that affected people's will sometimes use their military might to clobber the weaker nation, which may have themselves only been the victim of a splinter group attack. But, to me, there's a strong lesson in how, if your land has a terrorist infestation, or is even unintentionally harboring subversive

militants, or those kinds of groups with a real bad reputation, then you should, for instance, request international aid in dealing with those terrorists. If you fail to address the infestation, *you could end up being blamed for something which you didn't do, but which one of your corrupt internal agents did, without asking you first.* My own nation was horribly affected by a bad terrorist attack back in two thousand and one, and we felt so uniquely affected that we went to lengths to set forth a strong deterrence to that type of thing ever happening again. *In fact, we had no other choice but to show a robust reprisal,*

and strongly rebuke those who we felt were the guilty parties. It was a time of justice, and of righteousness, and you just didn't want to be on the wrong side of us during that time. So, this is why we extend some understanding to a world leader, whoever they are, who thinks they have to avenge their affected constituencies, or bring to justice some guilty persons. But, this kind of thing sometimes does stabilize a region, and has been seen to become a humanitarian crisis for the affected innocent persons, *and the innocent pay the price for the actions of the corrupt.* So, to me, this is why this time is somewhat

precarious, and we want to get past the warring and fighting. You might really relate to the thought which goes like, '*The highest form of virtue is the sort that practices tolerance in the face of evil.*'

This is thought to be the best way to deal with difficult times, and situations, and the issues which come up, which you can't very easily predict. *It's not that a 'wounded ego, or pride' is a bad thing, it's just that you want to get through the turbulence, back into peaceful times.* Well, these words will conclude this part two. All for now, Greg.

